

## Miscellaneous Editorial Paragraphs

It is possible for a man to be a very good builder here on earth and yet be a very poor saint. He may build well here, but build no habitation in heaven for his immortal spirit. What folly.

If we have the spirit of the gospel we will delight in good news, for the gospel is "good news," and not delight in the other kind. Yet with what a morbid pleasure people love to recite bad news. They will put themselves out of breath in haste to get there first and tell it.

At the close of a lecture in a neighboring town, his friends entreated Wendell Phillips not to return to Boston. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home." To which he replied, "But at the end of them I shall find Annie Phillips." It is a beautiful anecdote illustrating his love-like devotion to his invalid wife.

In the great Commission there is a logical relation between "Observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and "Lo I am with you." Obedience is the condition of the divine presence and the divine help. The point is to learn what gospel obedience really is, and let experience take care of itself. It will not disappoint you.

If our habits were always called by the right name, many people would cut loose from habits which, as they are known by society, are regarded as virtues. Mr. Moody once said to a lady who came to him, asking how she might be delivered from the habit of exaggeration, to which she was very prone. "Call it lying," was the uncompromising answer, "and deal with it as you would with any other temptation of the devil." That was good advice, and if the habit of taking a little wine, and that disease known as "kleptomania," and other acts were given their proper names, those afflicted would make an effort to get rid of them. If, instead of saying a bank cashier is "short in his accounts," we would say he is a thief, as he really is, and so deal with him, perhaps there would be less "short accounts."

If you would leave a sweet memory in the hearts of others when you are gone, you must do kindly, gentle things while you live.

Those who are endeavoring to readjust their system of theology, adapting it to the demands of the times in which we live, will do well to keep in mind the saying of a very great and wise man: What is new in theology can not be true; what is true in theology can not be new.

Do you want to achieve a really great thing in the world, and thereby rescue your name and memory from the deep oblivion which awaits the great majority of men? The possibility is within your reach. It is not reserved exclusively for those who possess great genius, for the mighty, the

magnificently successful man. Yours may be the satisfaction, the joy of an immortal destiny. Subdue yourself, and you are a hero. By well doing win glory, honor and immortality, for "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

As the rivers hurry to the sea, so the days, and months, and years, and the generations, and our own souls, eagerly press on and on into magnificent eternities. For God's eternity is not a world of gloom, but of glory. In our own souls is all the gloom there is. Let us open the windows to the glory. Let in the light, and the joy, and the truth, and the purity, and peace. Let in the waiting, loving Christ.

A colored man once said, "Bredren, when I was a boy I took a hatchet and went into de woods. When I found a tree dat was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch dat tree, but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So, when the debbil goes after Christians, he doesn't touch dem dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside." It is a rather crude way of putting the truth but it is truth nevertheless and that will excuse the clothes in which it comes.

Next to not sinning, says some one, is confessing sin. A very learned man has said, "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories." Such a prompt acknowledgement of his fault recalls Bacon's course in more trying circumstances. "I do plainly and ingeniously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and so renounce all defense. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed."

Rufus Choate, when some one remarked that great achievements often result from chance, thundered out, "Nonsense! As well talk of dropping the alphabet and picking up the Iliad." There may be and are exceptions to the rule but success is very rarely the reward of accident. What we call "luck" in a man's life is more often the reward of faithful service and endeavor. If one were to follow the life of Joseph from the day he was sold into Egypt until the day when he occupied a place second only to the king of the great empire, he would be inclined to say, "What a lucky fellow." And yet there was no luck about it. Faithfulness in the smallest duties made Joseph chief ruler of Egypt. "Luck" had nothing to do with it.

If a certain brilliant orator, says the Christian Advocate, had only stopped when he said, "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream," he would probably have increased his reputation as a maker of epigrams and his phrase have had a permanent place in literature. But by not knowing when to stop he lost a great opportunity. Hence he went on, and every sentence which followed only helped to dig the grave of his political ambitions. The art of stopping is of rare value. Many a sermon spoils itself by going on. The rocket shows its good sense by exploding at the right moment. Occasionally it fails, then there is nothing but noise, smoke, and a charred stick. To cultivate the pause in public speech is good; to cultivate the stop is better.